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HALLOWEEN™ II

#1

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HALLOWEEN™ II

The Blackest Eyes

Mickey Yablans & Brian Pulido Present...
a Compass International Pictures/Chaos! Comics Production of
A Comic Book Movie by Phil Nutman and Mickey Yablans

As a child, Tommy Doyle narrowly escaped being butchered by Michael Myers on that fateful Halloween night in 1978. Haunted by the horrifying memories, Doyle has spent most of his life obsessing over uncovering the secret of the Myers family curse. Recently, he obtained the personal diaries Michael's former therapist, the late Dr. Sam Loomis -- and nearly died when Michael (aka The Shape) reappeared. Now, as the clock hands move toward midnight on Halloween, Tommy is intent on finally discovering the truth and destroying Michael forever...

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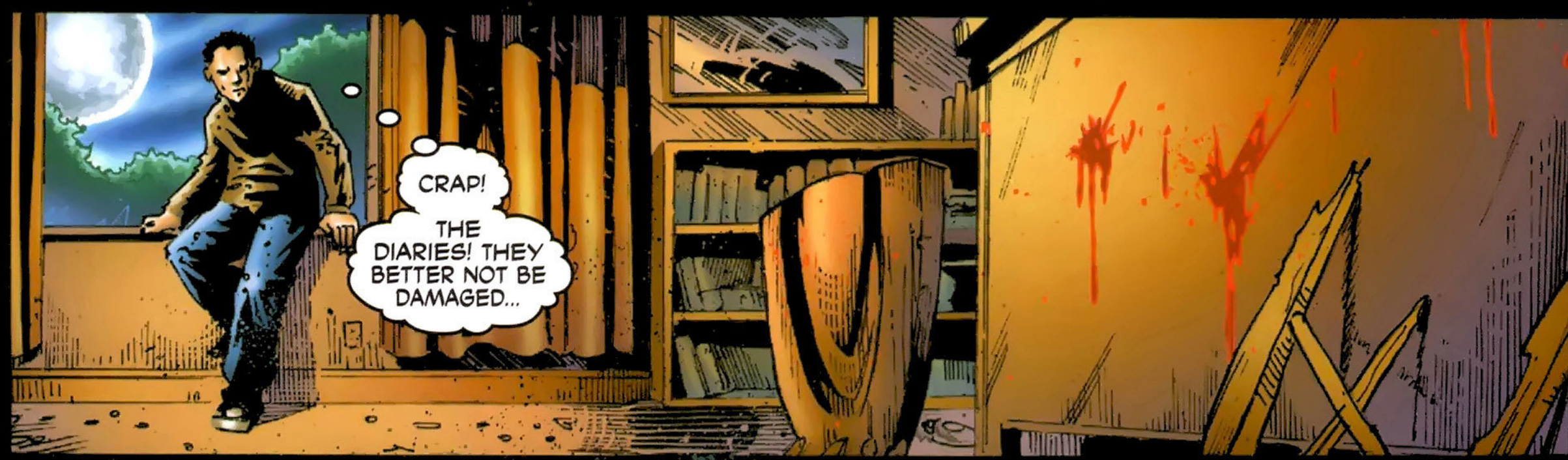
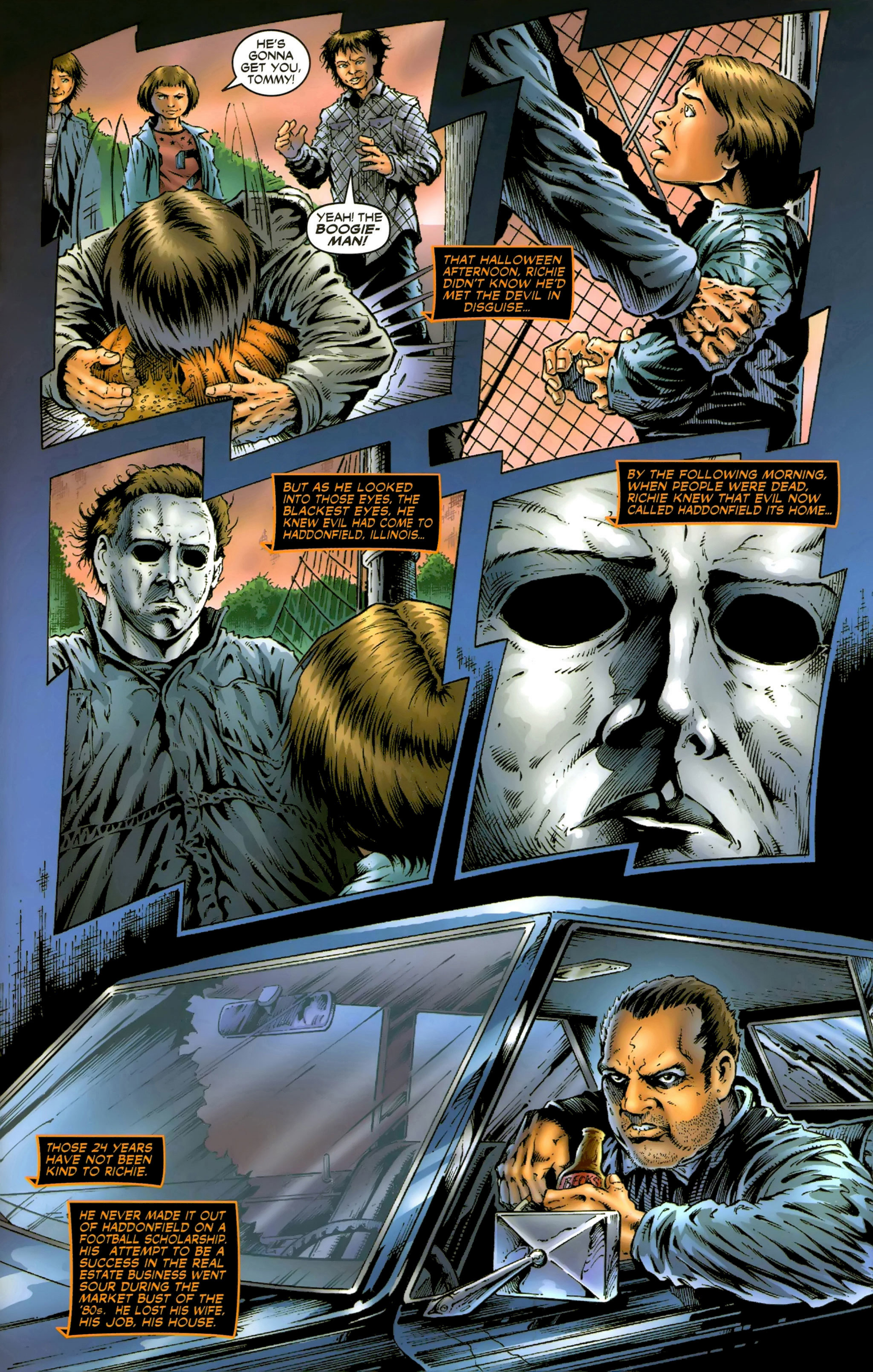
HADDONFIELD, ILLINOIS.
12:09 AM, OCTOBER 31ST. HALLOWEEN.
PT. III
THE BLACKEST EYES!
YOU SONOFABITCH. WHEREVER YOU ARE, I'M GONNA FIND YOU AND FINALLY KILL YOU.


CRAP!
THE DIARIES! THEY BETTER NOT BE DAMAGED...

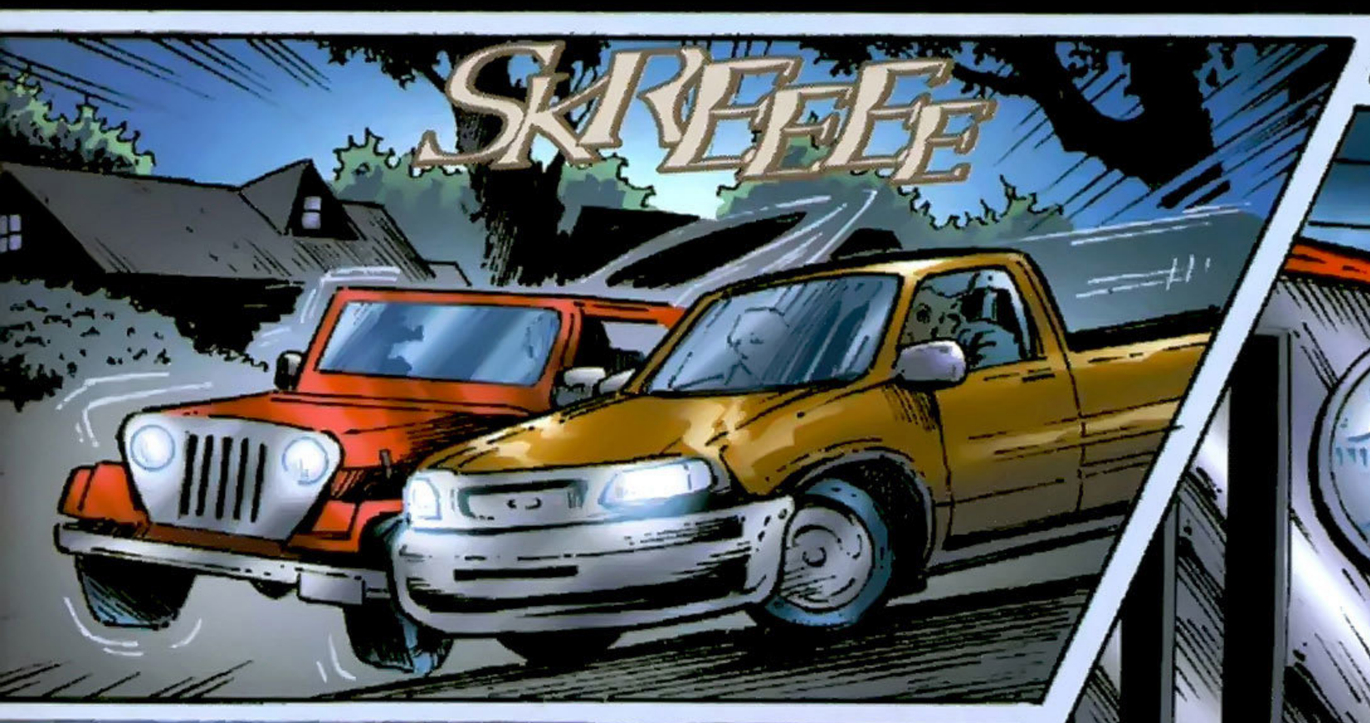
THEY'RE OK, THANK GOD!
BUT RIGHT NOW I NEED TO FIND *YOU*, MICHAEL.
WHILE YOU'RE WEAK.

"THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE YOU'D GO... HOME."
FOR SALE
"THE MYERS HOUSE."
FOR 24 YEARS, THE MYERS HOUSE HAS HAUNTED **RICHIE CASTLE'S** DREAMS, LEADING, ENDLESSLY, BACK TO THE **NIGHTMARE** OF WHEN HE MET THE BOGEYMAN...

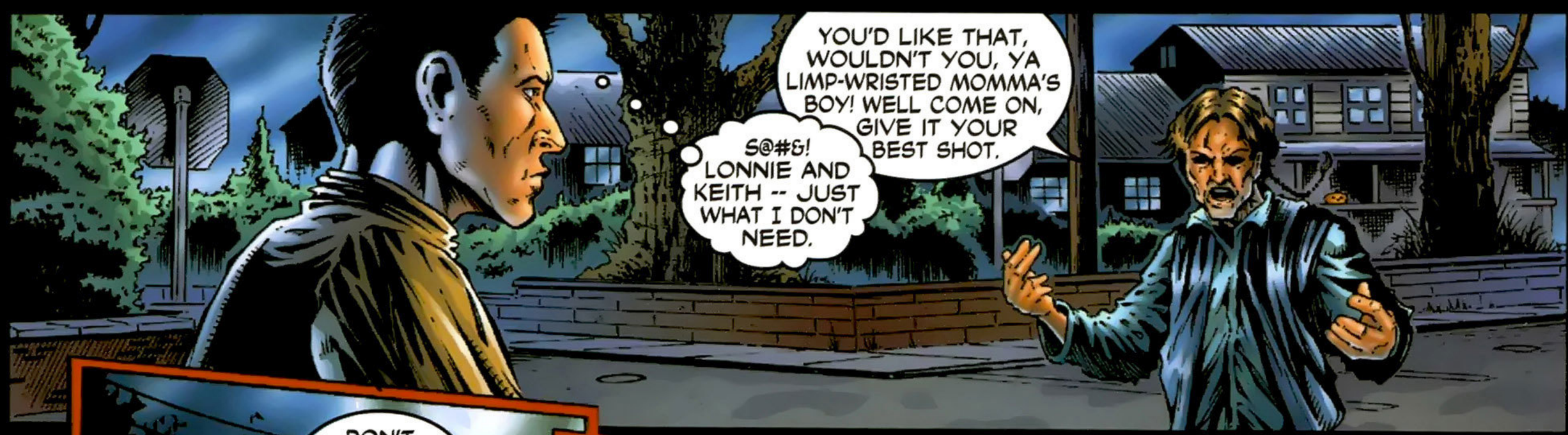

HE'S GONNA GET YOU, TOMMY!
YEAH! THE BOOGIE-MAN!
THAT HALLOWEEN AFTERNOON, RICHIE DIDN'T KNOW HE'D MET THE DEVIL IN DISGUISE...
BUT AS HE LOOKED INTO THOSE EYES, THE BLACKEST EYES, HE KNEW EVIL HAD COME TO HADDONFIELD, ILLINOIS...
BY THE FOLLOWING MORNING, WHEN PEOPLE WERE DEAD, RICHIE KNEW THAT EVIL NOW CALLED HADDONFIELD ITS HOME...
THOSE 24 YEARS HAVE NOT BEEN KIND TO RICHIE.
HE NEVER MADE IT OUT OF HADDONFIELD ON A FOOTBALL SCHOLARSHIP. HIS ATTEMPT TO BE A SUCCESS IN THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS WENT SOUR DURING THE MARKET BUST OF THE '80s. HE LOST HIS WIFE, HIS JOB, HIS HOUSE.

TONIGHT, RICHIE'S GOING TO BURN DOWN THE PAST...
HUH?
AAAAHHHIIEE
BLAM BLAM
BLAM BLAM

NEARBY...
@#$&! WHERE'S THAT LOSER!
HOTZ
YEAH, MAN. RICHIE BETTER NOT HAVE SKIPPED OUT ON US WITH THAT WEED.
HEY, LOOK -- IT'S THAT JERK DOYLE.

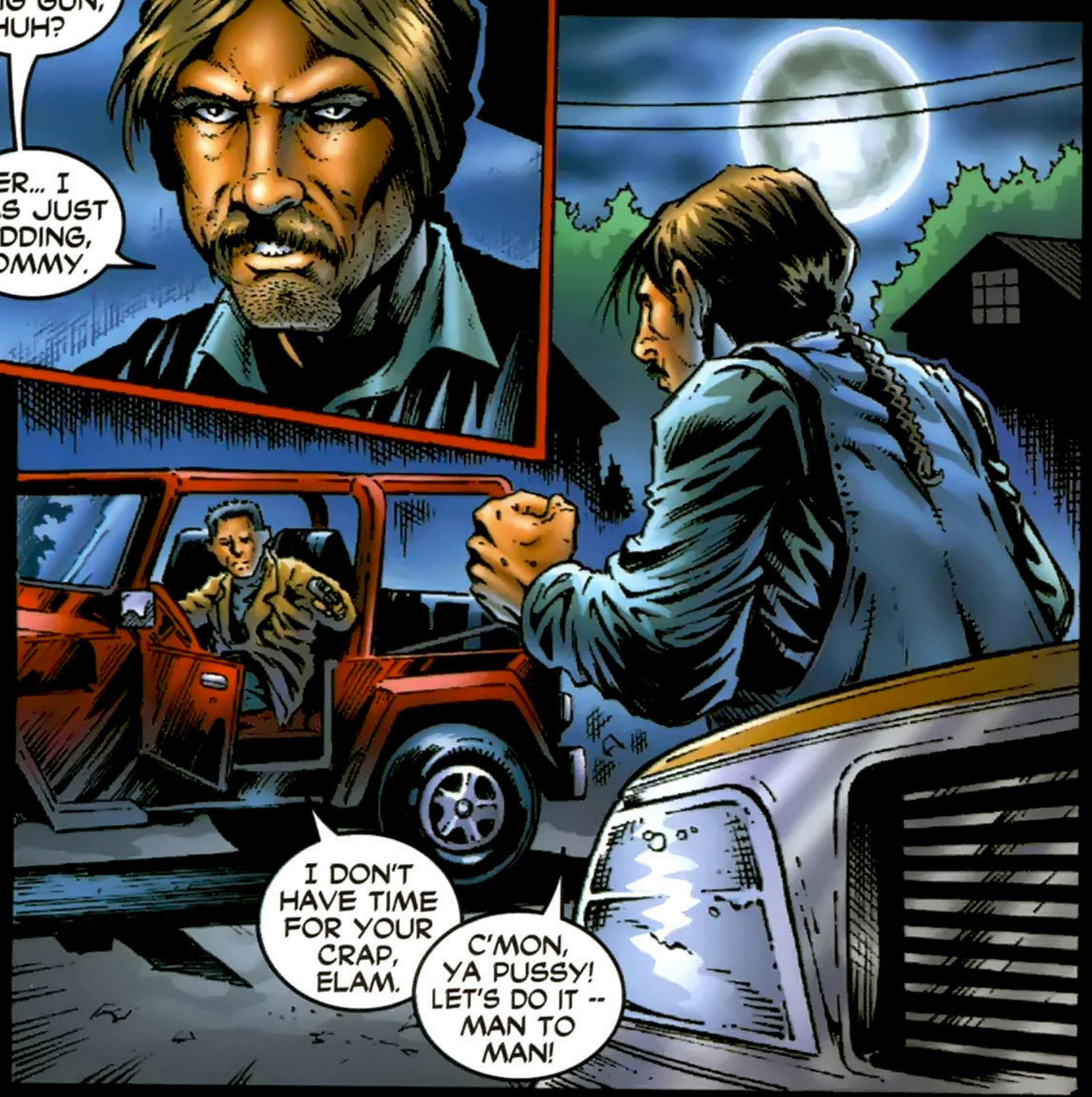

SKREEEE

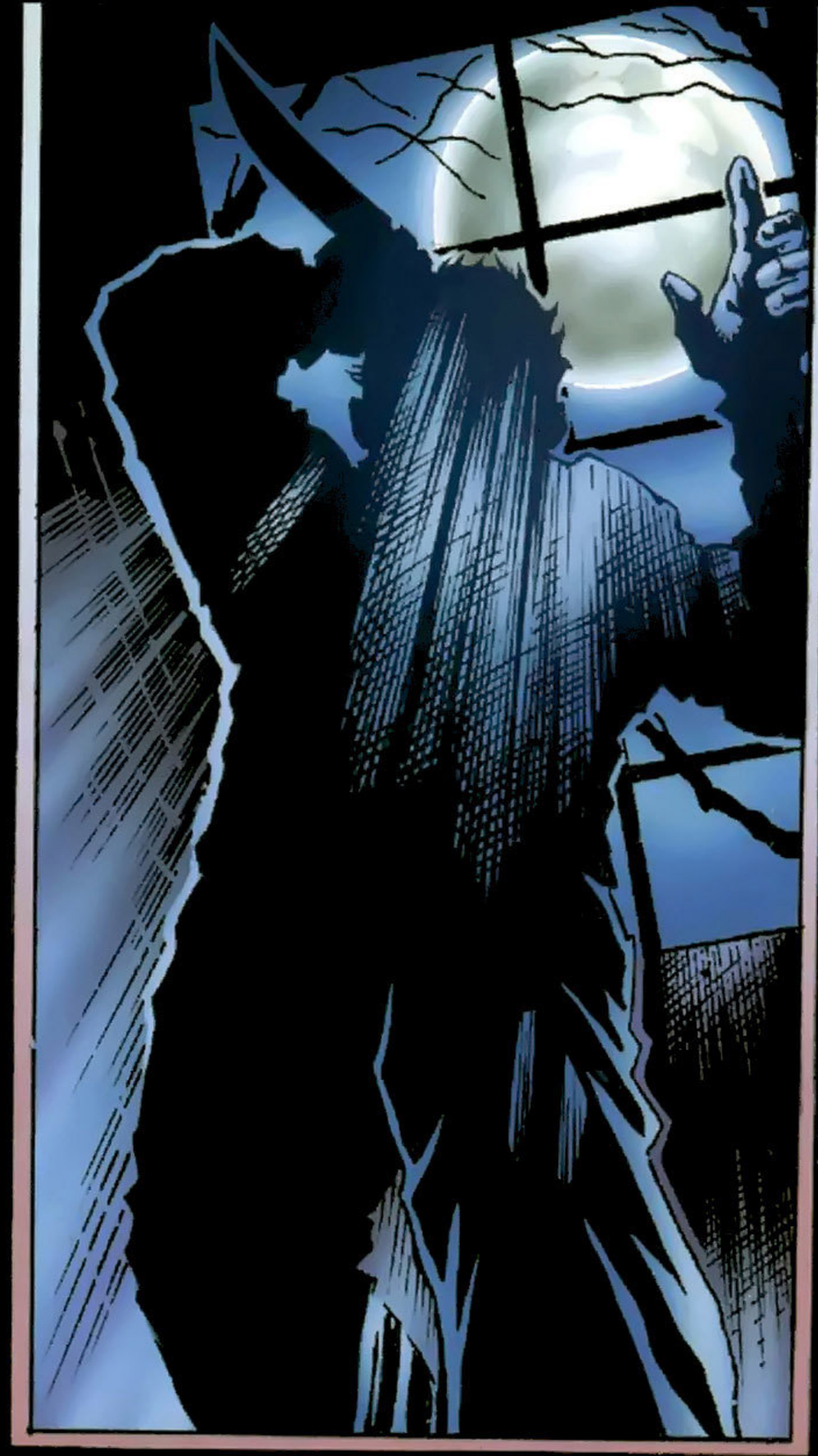
YOU CRAZY FOOL! YOU ALMOST KILLED ME --
HEY, DOYLE, YOU FAG -- STILL CHASING AFTER THE BOGEY-MAN!
SCREW YOU, ELAM!

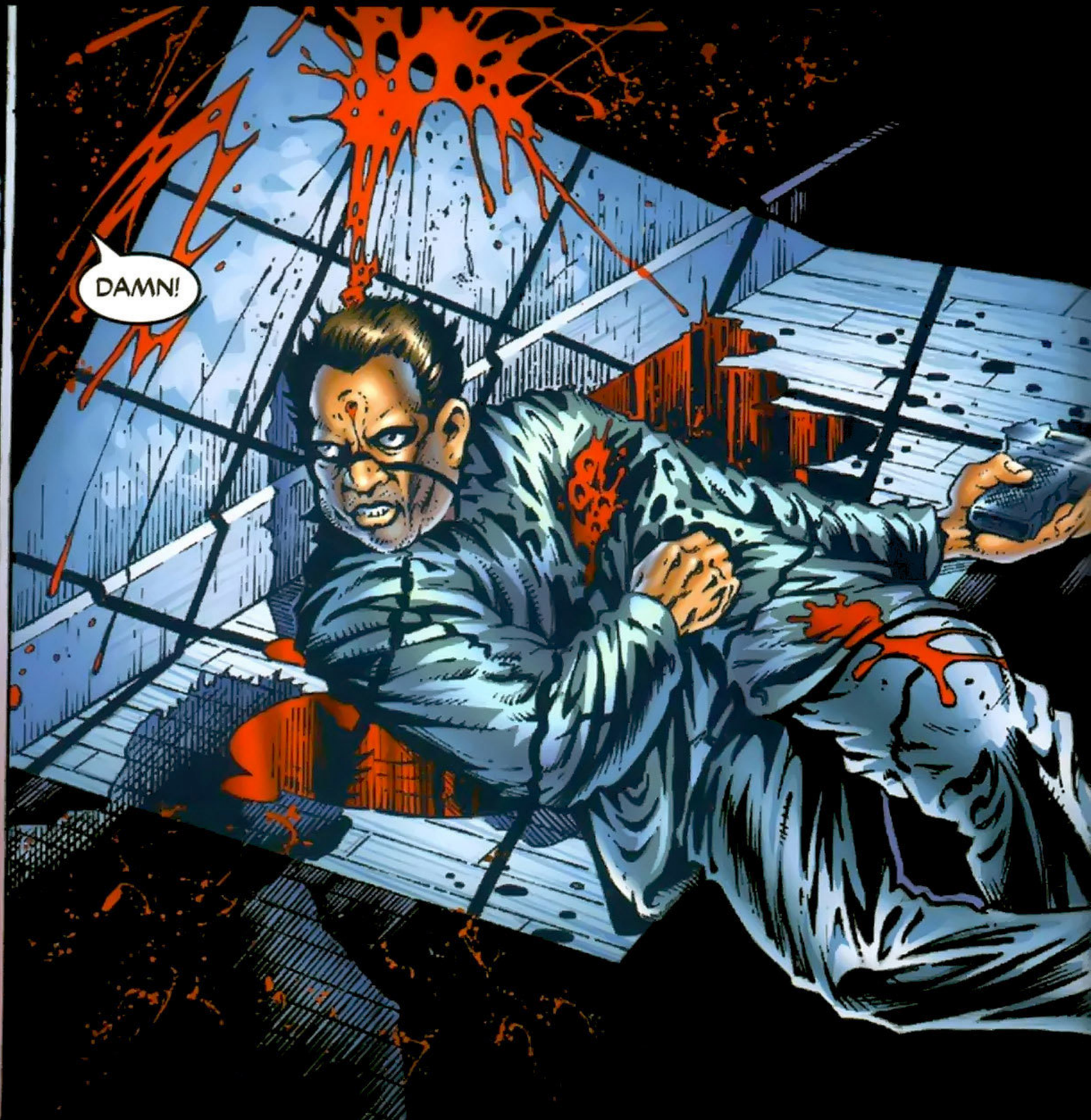

S@#&! LONNIE AND KEITH -- JUST WHAT I DON'T NEED.
YOU'D LIKE THAT, WOULDN'T YOU, YA LIMP-WRISTED MOMMA'S BOY! WELL COME ON, GIVE IT YOUR BEST SHOT.

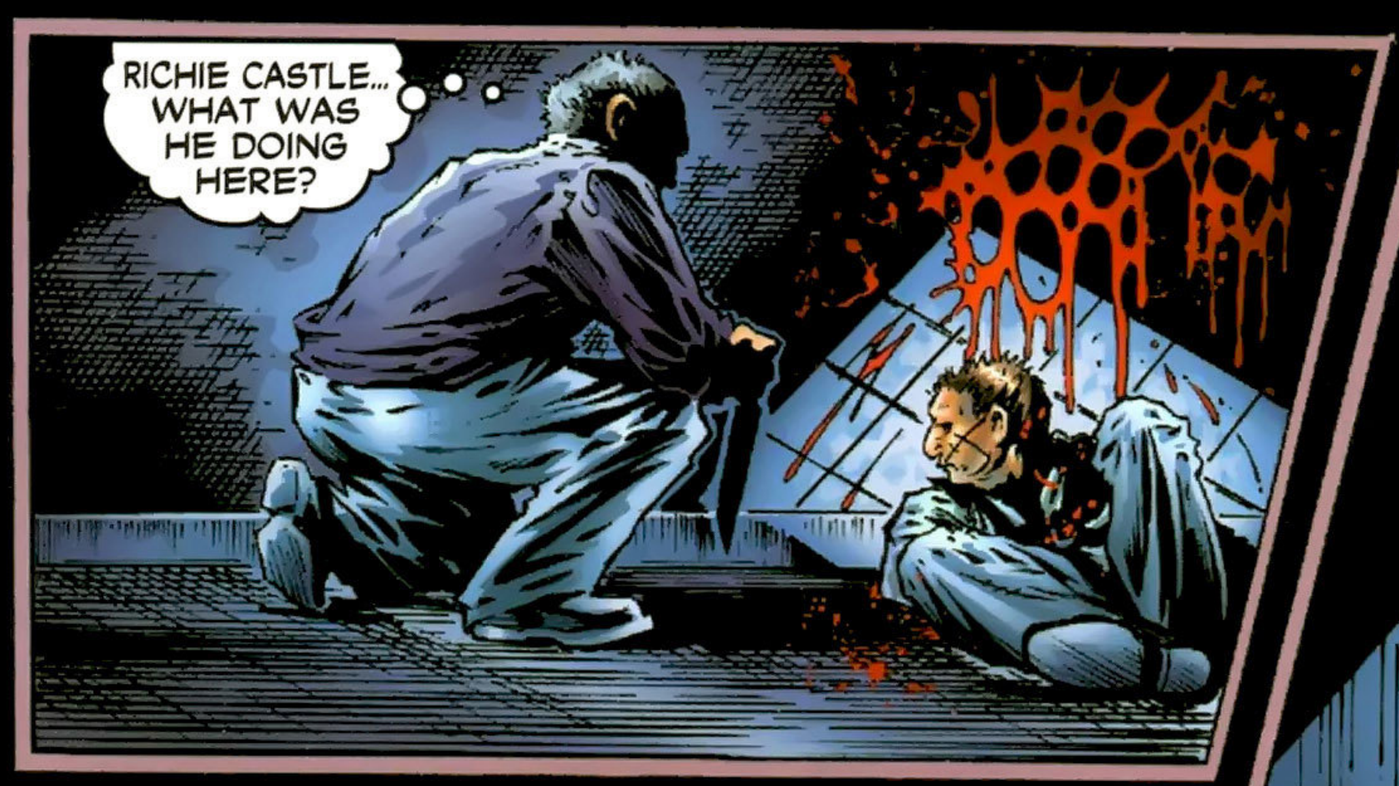
DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT, ELAM.

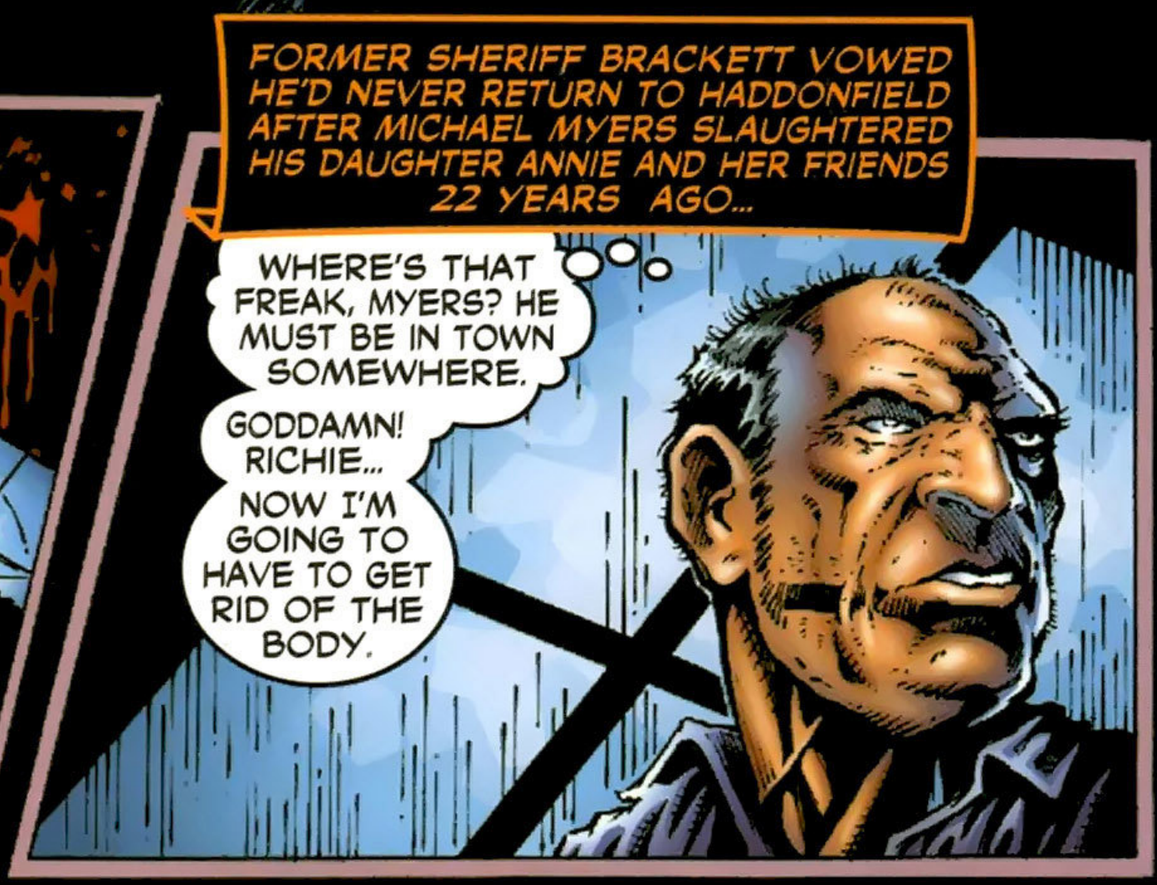
LITTLE MAN NEEDS A BIG GUN, HUH?
ER... I WAS JUST KIDDING, TOMMY.


I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR YOUR CRAP, ELAM.
C'MON, YA PUSSY! LET'S DO IT -- MAN TO MAN!




DAMN!


RICHIE CASTLE... WHAT WAS HE DOING HERE?


FORMER SHERIFF BRACKETT VOWED HE'D NEVER RETURN TO HADDONFIELD AFTER MICHAEL MYERS SLAUGHTERED HIS DAUGHTER ANNIE AND HER FRIENDS 22 YEARS AGO...
WHERE'S THAT FREAK, MYERS? HE MUST BE IN TOWN SOMEWHERE.
GODDAMN! RICHIE...
NOW I'M GOING TO HAVE TO GET RID OF THE BODY.

THIS TIME I'M GOING TO AIM FOR THE BRAIN. MAYBE THAT'LL FINALLY STOP YOU.
24
JG-24

I WAS RIGHT -- HE'S HERE!

GOD! THAT'S SHERIFF BRACKETT!
FOR SALE

20 MINUTES LATER. FIVE MILES OUTSIDE HADDONFIELD...
WHAT'S BRACKETT DOING HERE? HE MOVED TO PENNSYLVANIA YEARS AGO -- AND WHO'S THAT HE'S BURYING?!!
KRAK
WHO'S THERE?!
DAMN! WHAT DO I DO NOW?

POLICE! FREEZE!
THIS IS SHERIFF BRACKETT, I'M A COP.
PUT THAT SHOVEL DOWN.
WAIT A MINUTE, I KNOW YOU!
DOYLE! TOMMY DOYLE! YOU'RE NO COP!
RIGHT, AND I NEVER WAS ANY GOOD AT BLUFFING. BUT SINCE WHEN DID FORMER SHERIFFS START BURYING BODIES IN FIELDS, BRACKETT?
WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE?
I COULD ASK THE SAME OF YOU. THIS IS A LONG WAY FROM PENNSYLVANIA.
WHO'S IN THE CAR?
JESUS! RICHIE CASTLE!
IT WAS A MISTAKE. I THOUGHT HE WAS MYERS.

GODDAMN SONOFA --
HEY! THAT'S RICHIE'S CAR UP AHEAD.
YOU THINK THAT STUPID BASTARD'S GONNA MAKE GOOD ON HIS PROMISE TO BURN THIS PLACE DOWN?
I'LL BURN HIS ASS DOWN IF HE'S HERE.
YOU TAKE THE BACK.
ERM... WHY DON'T WE STICK TOGETHER?
WASSA MATTER, YOU AFRAID OF THE BOGEYMAN?
YOU KNEW, DIDN'T YOU? YOU ALWAYS KNEW MORE THAN YOU LET ONTO BRACKETT.
OH, I KNOW THINGS, KID. I KNOW THINGS THAT'VE BEEN EATING ME UP INSIDE FOR YEARS. ISN'T JUST THE MYERS FAMILY WHO'RE CURSED -- THIS WHOLE TOWN'S CURSED. NOW, YOU GOING TO KEEP POINTING THAT GUN AT ME OR YOU GOING TO HELP?
TELL ME EVERY-THING -- THEN MAYBE I'LL HELP.
KEITH'S RIGHT -- THIS PLACE STILL GIVES ME THE CREEPS.
WHAT THE FU --
WHAT'S THIS S@#$?
JEEZ! WHERE'D ALL THIS BLOOD COME FROM?

RICHIE? RICHIE, YOU THERE MAN?
HADDONFIELD WAS ONE OF THE EARLIEST TOWNS FOUNDED IN THE MIDWEST.
THE NAME IS DERIVED FROM "HAYDEN," MEANING "CURSED."
THE DEVOUT PROTESTANTS WHO ESCAPED RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN ENGLAND WEREN'T THE ONLY ONES...
"SOME OF THOSE, CONTEMPORARIES OF THE INFAMOUS COTTON MATHER, WERE, BEHIND THEIR PIOUS PILGRIM FACES, ACTUALLY WORSHIPERS OF A FAR OLDER RELIGION -- DRUIDS."
"DURING THE NEW ENGLAND WITCH HUNTS, A GROUP OF CLANDESTINE DRUIDS LED BY ONE MURPHEY MYERS, HEADED WEST, FEARING FOR THEIR LIVES."
"MYERS WAS THE DIRECT DESCENDANT OF A CURSED BLOODLINE -- THE CURSE OF SAMHAIN WAS PLACED UPON ONE OF MYERS DESCENDANTS, NEARLY 2,000 YEARS AGO."
"EVERY GENERATION OF MYERS WAS CURSED. WHILE THE WOMENFOLK WERE TOUCHED WITH VISIONS AND SOMETIMES THE ABILITY TO READ MINDS, THE FIRST-BORN MALE OF EACH GENERATION CARRIED THE SEED OF SAMHAIN'S EVIL."
RICHIE? KEITH? QUIT @#$%IN' AROUND, GUYS, I KNOW YOU'RE HERE.
HUH?

NO!
NOO!
GURGGLE

HOW DO YOU KNOW ALL THIS -- YOU'RE PART OF IT.
YOU'RE PART OF THE CULT -- LIKE MRS. BLANKENSHIP, MICHAEL'S BABY SITTER.
NO.
MOST OF HADDONFIELD'S LEADING TOWNSPEOPLE ARE DIRECT DESCENDANTS OF THOSE FOUNDING DRUID FATHERS, BUT NOT US BRACKETTS. MY GRANDFATHER MOVED TO HADDONFIELD IN 1901.
SO HOW DO YOU KNOW ALL THIS?
I WAS A COP, REMEMBER? COPS INVES-TIGATE.
"IN ORDER TO APPEASE THE GODS, THE DRUID PRIESTS HELD FIRE RITUALS -- PRISONERS OF WAR, CRIMINALS, THE INSANE -- WERE BURNED ALIVE. BY OBSERVING THE WAY THEY DIED, THEY BELIEVED THEY COULD SEE OMENS OF THE FUTURE."
"MICHAEL WAS NEVER MEANT TO LIVE. FOR THREE GENERATIONS THE MYERS FAMILY HAD BEEN BLESSED WITH PEACE -- NONE HAD KILLED. BUT THAT NIGHT -- HALLOWEEN 1957 -- THEY KNEW THE EVIL HAD RETURNED, STRONGER THAN EVER."
"AUDREY MYERS WAS TORTURED BY AN AGONIZING THREE-DAY LABOR: MICHAEL WAS BORN AT 11:57 PM THAT NIGHT."
"HE WAS THE FIRST OF THE CURSED MYERS' OFFSPRING TO BE BORN ON THAT DAY -- AS IF THE CURSE WAS WAITING FOR A VESSEL TO CARRY THE ULTIMATE EVIL."
"MICHAEL'S BODY MAY HAVE ENTERED THE WORLD THAT NIGHT, BUT HIS SOUL DID NOT -- HE WAS STILLBORN."
"BUT THAT SOUL -- THAT BLACKHEARTED SOUL -- DID ARRIVE: AS NIGHT BECAME DAY -- THE DAY OF THE DEAD."
"HE WAS OFFICIALLY PRONOUNCED ALIVE AT 12:06 AM, AND THE CURSE WAS FULFILLED."

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WHAT? WHAT'S IN THEM? I MEAN --?
LOOK, KID, I'M NOT GETTING ANY YOUNGER DIGGING THIS HOLE. YOU GONNA HELP OR WHAT?
WHAT'S THAT?
THOMAS DOYLE, YOU HAVE MEDDLED ENOUGH IN OUR AFFAIRS. AND YOU, LEIGH BRACKETT -- YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO DESECRATE THIS SACRED PLACE.
BUT NO MORE.

BLANKEN-SHIP! -- YOU OLD WITCH! YOU'VE BEEN HELPING MICHAEL ALL THESE YEARS!
TAKE THEM.
NRG!
THE FOLLOWING DAY, OCTOBER 31ST. HALLOWEEN.

HADDONFIELD. DUSK.

WHERE ARE WE? UHH... MAN, MY HEAD!

CHURCH BASEMENT.

WHAT'RE THEY GOING TO DO WITH US?

SACRIFICES TO SAMHAIN MOST LIKELY TRY TO READ THE FUTURE IN OUR CHARRED INTESTINES.

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

GOOD LUCK, DOYLE. WE'RE TIED TIGHT. NO CHANCE. I ALREADY TRIED.

I SEE NO POINT IN KILLING THEM -- THE OLD WAYS DON'T WORK. I'LL BE A PARTY TO NO MORE SACRIFICES.

THEY KNOW TOO MUCH.

BRACKETT WON'T TALK -- ONE WORD TO THE STATE POLICE AND HE'LL SPEND THE REST OF HIS LIFE IN PRISON FOR MURDER. AND THE DOYLE BOY HAS A HISTORY OF MENTAL PROBLEMS. WHO WOULD BELIEVE HIM?

WE CANNOT TAKE CHANCES. THEY DO NOT BELONG.

IT'S HIM WE SHOULD BE WORRIED ABOUT. WE CAN'T CONTROL HIM AND I --

BUT WE CAN CONTAIN HIM.

HURRY UP -- DON'T KEEP ME WAITING.

THAT WAS QUICK.

TAKE OFF THAT STUPID MASK AN' KISS ME.

HUH?

JACKIE? JACKIE? HON, YOU SICK?

YOU MUST GO --
NO! YOU KNOW WHERE HE IS, DON'T YOU?
WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM.
YOU CAN'T STOP HIM.
THEY THINK THEY CAN CONTROL HIM, THE FOOLS. I'LL BE A PARTY TO IT NO LONGER.
PLEASE -- GO NOW.
MY GOD!
BRACKETT! HELP ME!

GET OUT OF THE WAY!
ARRGGHH
WHAMM

ZZOTTZ
YOU SONOFA-BITCH!
HANG ON, BRACKETT, YOU'RE GONNA MAKE IT...

KABLAAAM
WHAT... YOU... YOU. NO!
THREE MONTHS LATER...
THE HADDONFIELD GAZETT
LOCAL MA
CONVICTED OF
URDER, ARSO
I DON'T CARE WHAT IT TAKES... WHATEVER I HAVE TO DO TO GET OUT OF HERE. I KNOW YOU'RE STILL ALIVE. AND I KNOW YOU'LL BE BACK!
THE END -- UNTIL NEXT HALLOWEEN!